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# Weekly Herald.

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## LONGINGS.

Two children sat by the summer sea,
Playing with pebble, shell and sand;
Loudly they laughed in childish glee,
As the waves ran up the land.
And "Oh, for a ship, a ship," they cried,
"To carry us far away,
So that we may sail on side by side,
Through an everlasting day."

Two lovers lingered beside the sea,
When the summer moonlight shone,
And their love could speak all sweet and free,
For they stood there all alone.
And "Oh, for a ship, a ship," they cried,
"To carry us far away,
Where no tears will come to dimn the eye,
And no pain or sorrow stay."

There stand two forms by the sunlit sea,
While the breeze sings soft and low;
All dim with tears their old eyes be,
And their hair is white as snow,
And "Oh, for a ship, a ship," they call,
"That will carry us far away,
To the land where our father gathereth all
That love him while here they stay."

## The Mystery.

Dr. Winter, sitting at the breakfast table was drying the morning paper, still damp, and exhaling the odor of the press before the fire, while his eye rested now and then on a number of letters brought in by the postman.

The Doctor was a middle-aged bachelor, well-to-do in the world, and having a comfortable practice. Life had gone on smoothly enough for him, with scarcely a break worth recording. He had no mournful memories of the past; his youth he had spent in getting rich, and now he was satisfied with his worldly accumulations, but in no haste to secure aid to dissipate them.

But the dead level of life get strangely stirred up now and then; and as Dr. Winter unfolded the paper his eye fell on a paragraph headed,

"SUDDEN DEATH.—Our readers will regret to learn of the sudden demise of the talented young artist, Edgar Percy. He was found dead in his apartment last evening. His disease was probably some organic affection of the heart. We are as yet unable to give further particulars."

"Edgar Percy dead! Why, it was only yesterday afternoon that I met him in perfect health!"

He took up his hat and gloves with the intention of visiting Percy's lodging, and was carelessly putting the letters away, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Percy's hand! Sealed with black, too! I wonder I did not notice it before. Can it be possible that he writes to tell me of his own death?"

Dr. Winter sat down again, and opened the sombre missive. It was dated the evening before, and sure enough Edgar Percy's name was signed to it. Dr. Winter read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—It is now time for us to depart—for me to die, for you to live, and which of us meets the best fate God only knows. Do you remember those words of Socrates, Doctor? While you are reading this I shall be cold enough, and quiet enough, too. The veil will have been rent apart, and the darkened glass withdrawn. You will hear of my death. You will stand over me and wonder that one so young should recoil down so suddenly. The world will raise uplifted hands of astonishment, and then rush on and forget us ere a single morn has waxed and waned. And yet it is the fear of this same cold, indifferent world that compels one to rush unbidden from its haunts. To you the secret is revealed. Remember, it is the secret of the dead; betray it not. I have taken a subtle and deadly poison; so subtle that it leaves no trace to betray its presence—so deadly that in one half-hour I shall be a corpse—one half-hour! Then the unveiling of eternity! To you, I repeat, I bequeath this secret. To you I bequeath the task of finding out why I took my life in my own hands, and went out of the world dreading its power. I might tell you. They say the deeds of all men shall one day be known. Ah, my God! I had rather thrown myself at thy mercy, who know'st my sins already, than live to be at the mercy of man! My lips shall never live to frame the confession—my pen never write it. My death alone, ends all. With me the secret dies. If I lived it must become known. You dare not betray the trust of a dead man. Come and look at me after you have read this. Farewell!

EDGAR "PERCY."

Dr. Winter's astonishment was too vast to find immediate utterance. He put the letter carefully in his pocket and went forth to obey the dead man's summons, to "Come and look at me after you have read this." Aye, that he would.

Standing over the dead in the darkened parlor, the doctor learned all that the world was to know of Edgar Percy's ending. The servant had taken him in some warm water the evening before, and he had given her a letter to post. Going to his room two hours later to close the shutters, she found him lying on the sofa, quiet enough, as he himself had said. The room was in its usual order. He had evidently dropped off without a struggle. She did not know to whom the letter was addressed, as she could not read writing, but noticed that the seal was black. Mr. Edgar used that kind of envelope always.

That was all she had to say, and the doctor told her that she might go and leave him with the dead.

Very pathetic was that dead face. A mournful beauty veiled the chiseled features; a sad smile wreathed the exquisite mouth. The profile, turned slightly aside, gave the head a listening look. Marvellous enough, doubtless, were the sounds now ringing in those ears! What was the mystery upon which those lips had closed forever? What the coming disaster upon which those eyes so feared to look that they must needs put on the veil of death?

No answer—no stirring of those lips—no lifting of those heavy lids with death for coin-weights!

A tear fell upon the marble brow of the dead; the doctor's hand fell caressingly upon the damp locks.

"Poor boy!" he murmured.

But there came a time when the sad beauty of that face was hid away to await the awful change already commenced; when the smile seemed like a sneer wherewith the dead mock their own decay, and Edgar Percy was forgotten by all save one.

He had no clue as yet. Percy had been for two years a resident of the place, had been successful as an artist, but had no relations that any one knew. It was known that he came from the country, that was all. Who were his friends no one could tell. It seemed he had none save those he had made in town. He was not in debt. He left behind him enough to pay the expenses of his funeral. Among his effects, orderly and common-place, there was not a sign of mystery, nor a scrap of writing, not even an unfinished sketch to point a clue. One thing the Doctor felt sure of. Edgar Percy, mentally or physically, was the personation of his own mystery. His death destroyed its power, put an end to its threatenings, swallowed it up in internal oblivion. It might be guilt—it might be misfortune—it might be fate. Whatever it was, it concerned the dead man alone. It lay between him and the world. God might pardon and overlook it if it were sin; but the world, he knew never would.

But was it sin? The world, we know, forgives that easily enough when it is sanctified by success, and beyond the reach of the law. If it was something that the world could not forgive, what could it have been?

It must not, however be supposed that Dr. Winter thought of nothing else than Edgar Percy's suicide. Very seldom is man faithful to a memory; and having his hands upon the good things of this life, Winter believed in enjoying them, and after puzzling his brain on a hundred possible solution to the riddle, he gave it up; so that when Edgar Percy had been dead for a year, the thing was precisely where it was when first he read the suicide's letter.

Another year dimmed the memory of the tragedy; the third effaced it entirely from his mind, to return only by fits and starts.

It was during the close of the third year that Dr. Winter made the aquaintance of a young surgeon belonging to one of the principal hospitals. Young William Dunning took a great fancy for the middle-aged, jolly practitioner, a *penchant* reciprocated by the Doctor; and when off duty the two were always together.

One day Dr. Winter accompanied Dunning to the hospital, and went the rounds with him. There were many sad sights there, moans of pain, and thin, pallid faces on which Death's signet was plainly stamped.

Dunning stopped at one of the pallets, on which was stretched the slender form of a man yet in his early youth, whose pale, regular features and dusky eyes sent a thrill of remembrance through Dr. Winter's soul. Where had he seen that face?

"Who is he?" was the question that rose to his lips.

"It is hard to tell who he is," replied Dunning. "He was found wandering in the street, wild with delirium. He had been robbed, it seemed, and turned out of a sick bed by some treacherous fiend, doubtless hoping that he would perish in the street. Poor creature! His hour is near at hand!"

"Is he conscious?"

"He has not been hitherto; but I think he will recover his reason before he dies. Ah! there is sanity in his eyes even now. Speak to him, Doctor."

"My good man," said Winter, "do you see me?"

"Dr. Winter!" uttered the feeble voice,

"You know me!" he cried, with astonishment. "Who are you?"

A feeble smile curled his thin lips.

"If you will sit beside me, I have a long story to tell you. Yet, no, it shall not be long."

The sick man stretched his hand for a cordial. It was given him, and again the dusky eyes were turned upon Winter's face, and the low voice began:

"Five years ago, I met you first. For two years you were my friend. I died, bequeathing you a strange task. For three years I was dead to you and all the world."

"You then, are Edgar Percy?"

"What is left of him."

"You were not dead then? In what manner were you rescued from the grave?"

"No, I was not dead," he said. "Dying has been my profession. I have lived upon the proceeds of my deaths at various times; but I am not dead yet!"

To say that Dr. Winter was astonished would but feebly express the state of the good man's mind, while Dunning watched the two with distended eyes.

"But what," demanded the doctor, with difficulty forcing himself to speak, "was the disgrace to which you alluded in that letter?"

"A blind, my friend; a blind merely to throw you off the track. You say" to Dunning—"that I am going to die?"

"You certainly are beyond all skill."

"Well, well, what matters it? I have been a great rascal and no one has ever suspected it. 'Twill be a sort of relief to speak the truth for once in my life. Listen, both of you:

"The processes of converting a warm young heart to villainy and dishonesty are various. It matters not how I became the hypocrite I always was; I think it was born in me; that it was my nature to deceive, and mismanagement strengthened the natural propensity: Well, doctor, I am going to make the story short, to give the frame-works as it were, which you can fill out at your leisure; for already I feel the death-clutch at my vitals. Three separate times have I, with the aid of an accomplice, feigned death successfully. Each time my life was insured to a large amount; each time I bore a different name, was buried, or to suppose to have been, by my accomplice, who, of course, was the person in whose favor my insurance was drawn. I have had in all five thousand pounds, within the space of five years, obtained in this way. The last time I undertook it, my accomplice, after drawing the money, refused to give me my usual share, two-thirds. Knowing that I was in his power, I dared not proceed to extremeties with him; so I let him depart with his ill-gotten gains. But the disappointment of my last effort was too much for me; and here I am defeated at last, and brought to a bed which is really a couch of death."

"Then," said Dr. Winter, "by my silence, dreading lest I betrayed the dishonor of a dead friend, I connived at a felony, and helped two scoundrels to prey upon society. Oh, Edgar Percy, I would not have believed it of you?

"Can't you see," responded the dying man, with a feeble sneer, "that that is the reason why I was so successful? My face stamped me not only pure, but above suspicion. So much for faces."

Dr. Winter, roused abruptly away, shocked, disgusted and angry. Dunning sent for a magistrate who took the confession of the impostor, who, however, refused to give the name of his confederate in crime. He died at last, repenting at the eleventh hour, as is the custom with such men.

Dr. Winter said he would rather have gone on fretting now and then over a mystery he could not solve, than to have it solved as this was, and that he could never forgive himself for being duped by Percy's lying letter.

### A Great Land Suit.

Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, has determined to transfer about 700,000 acres of land to the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company, that amount of its land grant having been earned by the company in the completion of its road from a point south of Glyndon northward to Crookston. This action of the Governor has consequently agitated the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and its attorneys have proceeded to file notices of *lis pendens* in the offices of Register of Deeds in the Counties of Wilkin, Otter Tail, Becker, Clay, Polk, Todd, Douglas, and probably others, by which the company gives warning to the purchasers that they have a claim or lien upon the lands in question. It is known that a contest has been going on for half a dozen years between the two great railroad companies above named as to which is entitled to the land grant at the intersection of these two roads at Glyndon, embracing the alternate sections upon a strip 40 miles wide by 80 miles long, and taking in, it is said, something like 500,000 acres of land. There are a good many knotty points to be solved in this controversy, which only the lawyers who have studied the case can intelligently explain, but it seems to stand in a general way like this: The Northern Pacific has a land grant of 20 sections to the mile, and the St. Paul and Pacific a land grant of 10 sections to the mile, and the principal point is as to which was the first to claim the lands at the Glyndon crossing. It is alleged that the St. Paul and Pacific was the first to locate its line, but the Northern Pacific first to build its road and occupy the ground. Right here come in several collateral questions, such as that the original Congressional land grant of 1857 to the St. Paul and Pacific contemplated a route from St. Paul to St. Cloud and Crow Wing, and thence north-westwardly to St. Vincent, which route was changed by Congress, in 1871, from St. Cloud up the Sauk Valley to Alexandria, Fergus Falls, and Glyndon, and thence northward to St. Vincent. What effect this change of base may have upon the general result remains to be tested in the courts, where the case has for a long time been pending. The complications are such that the executive officers of the General Government seem to be as much in the dark upon the merits of the question as everybody else, and Secretaries Delano and Chandler held opposite views upon the subject—one believing that the St. Paul and Pacific is entitled to the disputed land, and the other considering the claim of the Northern Pacific to be the best. In this emergency the United States Courts will be called upon to decide the points at issue, and that the contest may be speedily settled is devoutly to be wished, in view of the eager demand of settlers for homesteads upon that immense section of disputed territory. But as large bodies move slowly, and as nothing can be much slower than large suits in the United States courts, the prospect that the end of this trouble will be seen in the lifetime of people now living is not particularly brilliant.

### A Baby Sold at Birth.

On a cold, clear night of the winter of 1860, a rich German brewer of St. Louis was on the way from the brewery to his handsome home in Market Street, pondering very gravely upon some subject of great apparent anxiety as he hastened along. After a marriage of many years he was about becoming, for the first time, a father. The occasion was not a favorable one for wayside alms, and hence when he was accosted for help by a poor Irishman whom he had often employed in trifling jobs, and who lived in one of a row of forlorn houses a short distance southward from his own mansion, his response was not gracious. But the man followed him along and persisted in his entreaties, upon the final plea that a new-born baby, scarcely an hour old, was wailing for covering and warmth in his wretched den of a tenement. This pitiable information touched the worthy German's heart at that moment with irresistible effect, and he handed the petitioner a generous gift, with the promise to see what better could be done for him on the morrow. Toward the dawn of that morrow the good Samaritan's wife became the mother of a son, which lived not an hour. At the time of the child's death the sick lady was unconscious and in a very critical condition, and husband, nurse and physician trembled at the thought of what might be the fatal effect of the news when first the poor mother should demand to be shown her babe. Nearly frenzied for some means of averting what all dreaded, the brewer suddenly bethought him of the destitute and desparing father who had addressed him in the street. Why might not that man's child be substituted for his own dead son in the recognition of the sick mother until that mother should have regained her physical strength sufficiently to endure a knowledge of the truth? The idea was communicated to the physician and nurse, who approved it as an only, if desperate, resource, and in a short time thereafter, the nurse and father repaired to the tenement house for its attempted execution. Upon hearing their oft-time benefactor's strange proposition, the impoverished parents of the living baby could not but consent. They were near starvation, and the unwitting little one, now shivering with cold, could experience no harm. In short, the brewer and his attendant carried back the wailing mite with them, and the dead child was for the nonce conveyed to the tenement house. When the sick mother, in the course of a few hours, resumed consciousness, she at once made the anticipated request, and upon seeing the borrowed babe, gathered it fervently to her arms and fell asleep with its head upon her breast. Deception, even for the most generous purposes, is always dangerous, and now that it has been so practiced upon his wife, the brewer dared not undo it. Finally, forming a daring resolve, he sought again the squalid father and mother, and offered them a sum of money sufficient to keep them in comfort for life if they would suffer the dead infant to be buried as their own and allow their boy to be left with him in perpetual parental adoption. According to the local paper which completed the strange story, this proposition was, after some hesitation, agreed to. Before the wife of the brewer had become convalescent, the parents of him who she yet believed to be her own son, had removed to another city, richer than ever before in their lives by many thousand dollars; nor is it known that the secret was revealed to her for several years from the date of its inception. Two or three years ago the brewer died; and, although his will related enough of the story to make valid its bequest of a fortune to the foster son at his majority, that now well educated and well-grown youth knew not his whole story until it was confided to him lately by his own true sire, calling him to his dying bedside in the workhouse. Losing his wife soon after their removal from St. Louis, the man had turned his curiously acquired fortune to bad account, squandered it all, and thus came to pauperism. Thus ends a strange tale.

### Cossacks of the Don.

"One Don Cossack is so like another that the idea is difficult to get rid of that they have all been made to order in one mould, and that in case of accident their heads, arms or legs are interchangeable. The Cossack is not a very savory gentleman, but Galatz is a fine place for taking the edge off one's sensibilities regarding smells; and we can get to windward of the Cossack we wish to inspect, which is more than we can do in regard to the Galatz drains. Friend Cossack is a little chap, about five feet five, even on his high heels, but at once sturdy and wiry. His weather-beaten face is shrewd, knowing and merry. His eyes are small, but keen; his mouth large, and between it and his pug nose—rather redder than the rest of his face—if a tuft or wisp of straw-colored mustache. His long, thick, straight, hair matches his moustache in color, and is cut sheer round by the nape of his neck. He wears a round oilskin peakless shako with a knowing cock to the right, to maintain which angle there is a strap round his chubby chin. Below the neck the Cossack is all boots and greatcoat exteriorly. The greatcoat, which is of thick gray blanketing comes down below his knees; his boots come up to them. He is more armed than any man of his inches in Europe, is our little Cossack friend, and could afford to loose a weapon or two and yet be a very dangerous customer. Weapon number one is the long black flagless lance, with its venomous head that seems itching to make daylight through somebody. He carries a carbine slung in an oilcloth cover, on his back, the stock downward. In his belt is a long and well-made revolver in a leather case, and from the belt hangs a curved sword with no guard over its hilt. Through the chinks of his greatcoat are visible glimpses of a sheepskin undercoat with the hair worn inside even when the thermometer is 70 deg. in the sun. His whip completes his personal appurtunances; he wears no spurs. He rides, cocked up on a high saddle with a leathern band strapped over it, a wiry little rat of a pony, with no middle piece to speak of with a ewe neck and a gaunt, projecting head, with ragged flanks, loose hocks, limp fetlocks, shelly feet, and a general aspect of knackerism—the sort of animal, in fine, for which a costermonger would think twice before he offered 'three quid' for it at the northern Tattersall's on the outskirts of the Metropolitan Cattle Market, on a Friday afternoon. But the screw is of indomitable gameness and toughness—lives where most other horses would s[illegible] is fresh when most other horses [illegible] knocked up—and is fit to carry its ri[illegible] across Europe, as Cossack ponies ha[illegible] done before to-day. The Cossacks seem to be used indiscriminately for all sorts of work. They were the first to enter Roumania, they ride about alone with dispatches, they escort suspected spies keeping the head of their lance carefully within easy distance of the small of the suspect's back, to be handy for skewering him if he would attempt escape; and Cossacks are placed on guard over the ships at the Galatz quay to prevent their attempting departure. Dismounting and shackling his pony by a hobble on each fore-leg, connected by a leather strap with another hobble around the left hind leg above the hock the Cossack takes up a position on the extreme edge of the jetty, with his lance pointed in the direction of the ship, as if he would transfix it should it attempt to escape, and there he stands, self-contained, affablec alert, and with a general aspect conveying the idea that he is patronizing that section of Christendom within his purview. He will accept a cigarette, and tender you a light from his in the friendliest manner but you will never coax him to take his eye for a single minute off the ship which he has in custody. The Circassian Cossacks differ in some respects srom the Don Cossacks. They ride larger ponies, they wear busbies of Astrachan fur with a scarlet busby bag, and their greatcoat is black, having its bosom slashed with a receptacle for catridges, while they carry their carbine in a cover of Astrachan fur."

"They are all comparatively young men, and nearly all married, of course to young wives. It often happens, as in the present instance, that they are away from home during a war for one, or even three or four years, and one unfortunate result is that some of the wives left behind do not prove to be Lucretias. The Cossacks are quite aware of this, and many of them, on returning home, buy a white scarf or handkerchief, which they take with them. Upon entering their villages, the whole population—women, girls, old men and children—come out to meet them, including, of course, the wives of the returning wanderers. Now those of the wives who have been unfaithful to their lords, of which there is usually a considerable sprinkling, go forward to their husbands, kneel down before them in the road put their faces in the dust, and place their husband's foot upon their necks. This is a confession of guilt, and at the same time a prayer for forgiveness. If the husband then covers his wife's head with the white scarf it means that he forgives her, asks no questions, and obliterates the past. In this case no one has a right ever to reproach the wife with her inconstancy; and if any one should be rash enough to do so, he would have to answer to the husband, who is the protector of his wife's honor. If, on the contrary, the white handkerchief is not produced, the woman returns straight to her father's house without again entering her husband's dwelling, and a divorce is pronounced. Although there is generally a considerable sprinkling of women who come forward to kneel down and put their faces in the dust, it rarely happens that they are not forgiven.

### A Colossal Pot-Pie for Paupers.

Occasionally a pot-pie dinner is served at the Berks County, Pa., Almshouse which requires the following ingredients: The slaughtered calves, making about 250 pounds of veal; eighty pounds of beef; one and a quarter barrels of flour, and from eight to ten bushels of potatoes. This is decidedly a Berks County pot pie, and is regarded by the inmates of the Almshouse as a boss dinner, the aroma of which is diffused throughout the long halls of the numererous apartments of the institution. For the seasoning of this pot-pie several pounds of pepper, a large quantity of salt, and about a bushel basketful of parsley, celery leaves, sweet marjoram and other herbs are chopped up together and mixed with the meat and potatoes, contributing largely to the savory odor.

Things done by halves are never well done.

### A Bird Combat.

That trim, gentle-looking, drab-colored bird, erroneously called turtle-dove by dwellers in the United States and generally deemed so utterly innocent, and pure that to kill it for the table or any other use is branded as criminal in the extreme, is not so innocent after all. Its moaning, sad-sounding voice is a mockery and a cheat; its soft, dark eyes are a sham; its sober, Quaker garb is calculated to deceive; its timid movements are not to be trusted. When once it has been insulted or injured by one of its kind, the dove becomes as cruel and outrageously heartless as any murderer can be. Some years ago I witnessed a fight between two moaning doves, which for utter barbarousness could not be exceeded. I was angling in a brook for sun perch, half prone on a grassy bank, lost in a brown study, with a cigar between my lips, when I happened to see a dove alight on a gnarled bough of a plane-tree a few yards distant. Immediately it began to coo in that dolefully plaintive strain so well known to every lover of nature, and was soon joined by a male, who perched himself within a foot or so of her. I espied their nest, not yet finished, in the fork of an Iron-wood tree near by. The birds made very expressive signs to each other with their heads by a series of bows, nods and sidewise motions, of which I understood enough to know that some intruder was near—perhaps they meant me. The fish were not biting any too well, but the shade was pleasant and the grass fragrant, the sound of the water very soothing, and the flow of the wind steady and cooling, so I did not care to move just to humor the whims of a pair of billing doves. It proved however, after all, that I was not the cause of alarm. Another female dove presently dropped like a hawk from a dark dense mass of leaves above the pair, and struck the first on the back with beak and wings. A fight ensued, witnessed with calm interest by myself and the male dove.

At first the combatants struggled desperately together on the bough, fiercely beating each other with their wings, and plucking out the feathers from breast and neck, all the time uttering low, querulous notes, different from anything I had ever before heard. Pretty soon they fell off the bough and came whirling down upon the ground, where they continued the battle with constantly-increasing fury, their eyes flashing fire, and cutting and thrusting with their beaks like, swordsmen. Blood began to show itself about their heads, and in places their necks were quite bare of feathers. When at last one of them became so exhausted that further struggle was impossible, the other proceeded to take its stand upon its helpless opponent, and would have quickly made an end of it had I not interfered. The vanquished bird was minus an eye, and was unable to fly for some minutes. The secret of the battle was jealousy. The male sat by and watched in a nonchalant way until it was all over, when he very lovingly strutted up to the victorious bird, and began cooing in a low, soothing tone. From that day to this I have repudiated the figure "innocent as a dove," and whenever opportunity offered, have sped a two-ounce arrow full at the breast of the bird, widow or no widow. When properly cooked by parboiling, stuffing and baking, a dove is a choice bit for the table. While on this subject, I may add that in the Southern States doves often congregate in innumerable swarms, like pigeons, and do great damage to the peanut fields, yet there the prejudice against killing them is so great that you rarely see a trap or spring set for them, or a gun levelled at them.

### The Foot and the Pound.

The foot and the pound are found in every country, and have evidently been derived directly from the Romans. But they can claim a far higher antiquity, for Mr. Chisholm traces their origin to the Babylonians or Chaldæans, who, as units of length, used both the cubit and the foot. These were subsequently adopted by the Egyptians, who introduced considerable variety, so that there is no little confusion between the different kinds of cubit and foot. The natural cubit, of about 18 inches, and the foot, which was two-thirds of this length, were transferred to Greece, and, the cubit having fallen into disuse, the foot became the ordinary standard of the Romans. At the same time the double cubit, which was equivalent to three feet, would appear to have survived in the form of the ell of mediæval Europe, and in that of our own land. As all these measures were originally derived from the proportions of the human body, some caution is necessary in referring their origin to remote antiquity rather than directly to the length of the forearm or of the foot. It must be admitted, however, that the coincidence of length among all civilized nations is very striking. The derivation of the pound weight is more complicated. The earlier Tower pound appears to have been of Roman origin, being presumably identical with the Greek-Asiatic mina, while the hundredweight corresponded to the talent or weight of a cubic foot of water. Subsequently the Troy pound was substituted, and for commercial transactions, the pound avoirdupois, from the old French pound of 16 ounces. It is evident, however, that the weights and measures in the dark ages were in an unsettled state, and subject to arbitrary alterations at the will of the monarch.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Wit resembles a coquette; those who the most eagerly run after it are the least favored.

There is no heart so utterly hardened that it cannot be touched by woman's love and tenderness.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

A man writing an anonymous letter is like a puppy inside an enclosure, barking at you with his nose under the gate.

Opposition is what we want and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of independance and self-reliance.

If a man is not rising upward to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downward to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast.

A lie is a hiltless sword, which is sure to cut the hand of him who strikes with it. It is better to find this out at first than afterward.

The consecrated life is not a life of perpetual joy; it is an humble, pure, vehement life, all given up to the service of God and our brothers.

Reproof, especially as it relates to children, administered in all gentleness, will render the culprit not afraid but ashamed to repeat the offense.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Watch over yourself; be your own accuser, then your judge; ask yourself grace sometimes, and, if there is need, impose upon yourself some pain.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.

Oratory and poetry are of little value unless they reach the highest perfection; but history, in whatever way it may be executed, is a source of pleasure.

Too much is said to children; too much notice taken of them and their affairs. In this way restlessness, fretfulness and self-importance are promoted.

I believe in building fine houses, so that they are well proportioned; and in beautiful furniture; and in beautiful men and woman to use them. It's not selfish.

Rhetoric in serious discourses is like the flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement; prejudicial to him who would reap [illegible] from it.

Time sheds a softness on remote objects of events, as local distance imparts to the landscape a smoothness and mellowness which disappear on a nearer approach.

There is one single fact, says Hannah More, which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity—that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed.

It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science, and then to use it as legally acquired and pass the source of science.

How vilely he has lost himself that becomes a slave to his servant and exalts him to the dignity of his Maker! Gold is the god, the wife, the friend, of the money-monger of the world.

To love all mankind, from the greatest to the lowest, a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more, into ourselves, suffering is required.

We should never forget that home is the residence not merely of the body, but also of the mind; as that the object of all ambition should be to be happy at home, and to render home happy.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities; who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, and take to the work of his hand, and defy fate, and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

The recognition of virtue is not less valuable from the lips of a man who hates it, since truth forces him to acknowledge it; and though he may be unwilling to take it into his inmost soul, he at last decks himself out in its trappings.

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reasons, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier put off to another, than the charge and care of their religion.

The only thing which gives value to prayer is the inward conviction that we are sitting or standing, walking or lying down, surrounded by the presence of an infinite love and care. And this feeling we may carry with us wherever we go, into our work or play, our shop and our parlor. Not much praying, but a great deal of prayer, is the highest state of the soul.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understand the use of it; obliging alike at all times, above all a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Let us send light and joy, if we can, to the ends of the earth. The charity which is now active for distant objects is noble. We only wish to say that it ranks behind the obscurer philanthropy which, while it sympathizes with the race, enters deeply into the minds, wants and interests of the individuals within its reach, and devotes itself patiently and wisely to the task of bringing them to a higher standard of intellectual and moral worth.